(Comes an old BEGGAR.)

Beggar

Kind sirs, have pity on me- May
God prosper you. Give me one hand-
ful from your plenty.

(Enters a SOLDIEK.)

Soldier

Move away. Don't you see the
Minister's son is coming ?

[They go out.

Sanyasi

It is mid-day. The sun is growing
strong. The sky looks like an over-
turned burning copper bowl. The
earth breathes hot sighs, and the
whirling sands dance by. What sights
of man have I seen Can I ever again
shrink back into the srnallness of these
creatures, and become one of them ?